

112. I Know Who Holds Tomorrow

Ira Stanphill, 1950

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1. I don't know a - bout to - mor - row, I just live from day to day. I don't bor -
2. Ev - ry step is get - ting bright - er, As the gold - en stairs I climb; Ev - 'ry bur -
3. I don't know a - bout to - mor - row, It may bring me pov - er - ty; But the one

- row from its sun - shine, For its skies may turn to gray. I don't wor - ry o'er the
- den's get - ting light - er; Ev - ry cloud is sil - ver lined. There the sun is al - ways
who feeds the spar - row, Is the one who stand by me. And the path that be my

fu - ture, For I know what Je - sus said. And to - day I'll walk be - side Him,
shin - ing. There no tear will dim the eye, At the end - ing of the rain - bow,
por - tion, May be through the flame or flood, But His pres - ence goes be - fore me,

For He knows what is a - head. Man - y things a - bout to - mor - row, I don't seem
Where the mount - ains touch the sky.
And I'm cov - ered with His blood.

to un - der - stand; But I know who holds to - mor - row, And I know who holds my hand.